

OUTLINES OF SOCIETY TALK.

MR. AND MRS. DAY TO GIVE A DINNER TO MR. AND MRS. TREMENEER.

A Private View of Some of the Numerous Presents Sent to Miss Beale Alexander, Who Will be Married to-Morrow—Three Thousand Invitations Sent Out—What People Talk About on Rainy Afternoons.

DINNER will be given by Mr. Melville C. Day, an uncle of Mrs. Tremeneer, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. A. Tremeneer, at Delmonico's this evening. The table will be round, and the decorations very fine. Mrs. Van Aken, Miss Van Aken, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Theband, Mrs. Herman Clarke, Mr. Murray Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morgan King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelhoun Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. William V. M. Hoffman, Miss Hopkins, of Madison, N. J.; Mr. Tiers, Miss Clara Conder, Mr. Alexander Clay and Mr. Lindley Hoffman Chapin will be the guests.

Mr. Barnes, of Boston, and his bride, Mrs. Morris, are at Colorado Springs. The Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Hoffman will give a large luncheon party to-day at their home, 428 West Twenty-third street.

A private exhibition of wedding presents was given to her young friends yesterday afternoon by Miss Beale Alexander, whose marriage will take place to-morrow. Among the most admired were the following: An enameled clock, with side ornaments, from Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew; several pieces of very fine point lace from Mrs. William E. Eggleston; an antique brass clock from Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCook; a Hungarian pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens; a point lace fan, with pearl sticks, 140 diamonds in silver setting scattered over the lace, from her grandfather, Mr. C. Williamson; a silver lamp from Mr. and Mrs. William E. Strong; a silver clock from Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; an antique silver clock, from Mrs. Milbank; a silver service from her father, Mr. James W. Alexander; a set of silver spoons from Mrs. James L. Cabell; two silver candlesticks from Mrs. William Alexander; a large silver dish from Dr. and Mrs. Markoe; a pair of old Sevres vases from George Campbell Cooper; a set of Dresden plates, all copies of well-known pictures, from the Misses Cooper; an antique silver clock, from Dr. Abbe, who will be the best man to-morrow; a set of dessert plates from Mrs. Carnochan; a pair of vases from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stead; a silver clock, from Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; a set of silver forks from Mr. Henry M. Alexander; a pair of gold dishes from Mrs. James L. Alexander; a Dresden snuffbox lined with gold, formerly owned by King Ludwig of Bavaria, from Mrs. Henry Draper; a coffee set from Mrs. Charles M. Cooper; a silver manicure set from Mr. and Mrs. George Wood; a diamond pin from Mrs. Taylor; a pair of silver dishes from Mrs. Palmer; a pair of silver spoons from Mrs. J. H. Rhoads; a silver and gold bowl from Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Lambert; silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Taylor; a silver bell from Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; a silver and gold salad bowl from Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Montgomery; a silver frame from Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan; a pair of candlesticks from Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Jones; a pair of silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt; a solid silver anchor. There have been 3,000 invitations sent out for to-morrow.

The marriage of Mr. James H. Mannigan and Miss Florence E. Everall will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hall, No. 69 Irving place, will officiate. Miss Willy Thompson will be the maid of honor. Miss Edith Miller and Miss Maud Miller, two little girls, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. D. Mannigan, a brother of the groom, will be the best man. Messrs. N. L. Archer, R. P. Livermore, George H. Everall, Jr., and A. Gilford will be the ushers.

"BREAK THE MACHINE!"

Is there then nothing left to the people, to the mass of voters, besides either running with the machine or abrogating all their rights and duties as citizens? Yes, there is something left to the mass of the party—it is the veto power, and the veto power only. They can discharge the leaders and break the machine—they can choose new leaders and construct a new machine. This is a properly organized party in their right, and it is the possession of this right and the performance of this duty which keep the machine in proper order and the leaders in accord with it and in subordination to the will of the people. —MAYOR HEWITT IN HIS COOPER UNION SPEECH, DEC. 28, 1880.

Another Exposure in High Life.

Little Tommy—Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the toothache 'stead of Bridget? "The toothache—why, my son? "Little Tommy—Cause you could take your teeth out, she can't.

FAITHLESS.

BASIL WAYNE sat down upon the cliffs, and watched the scene before him, with very tender thoughts coming and going in his heart, like the white sea-birds flitting to and fro along the shore. Below his feet the ocean stretched itself out, weird, vast, limitless. The waves sparkled in the soft September sunlight, and broke lazily in upon the beach in subdued murmurs.

Basil Wayne was "sunning his wings" that afternoon. At nightfall he must take his flight to another land, and years go by before he could return.

The flutter of a scarlet shawl down the shore aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. "She is coming," he said, and a tender light broke over his face, and he sang, in a voice made rich and sweet with the love which found utterance in it: "She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an early bed, My dust would wait for her feet, Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and blossom under her feet, She came up the rocky pathway, with the

SHELL FRUIT OF THE SEASON.

The Value of Hickory Nuts Affected 10 Per Cent. by Aesthetic Causes.

IN the autumn groups of children, with a scattering of their elders, may be seen wherever there is a wood, throwing sticks and stones at the trees to bring the nuts pattering down on the dry leaves. The two varieties of shell fruit produced in the northern part of the United States which have the chief commercial importance are the chestnut and the hickory.

The chestnut, roasted or boiled, comes as the birds go, and the variety sold on the street corners differs from the sort which grows in the newspapers, theatres and clubs. One can be swallowed and the other can't. The hickory nut is not a theme provocative of thought. As a New England feature it is frequently found in combination with a flatiron, a hammer and a spindler with a battering ram. The hickory nut in this combine is not conducted to perfect perfection. The hammer will slip and crack the thumb, and not the nut. Then patience spreads its wings and flies.

The country people earn an honest penny by selling hickory nuts. They are much in demand at Christmas time for making nutcrackers. The nut is only when fresh, but sweeter as it gets a little older.

The prices vary for the different varieties. This year they are low. Shellbarks bring from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a bushel and the harder shells from \$1.50 to \$2. Last year they would have brought \$1.10 a bushel more. It may seem strange that a question of aesthetics should affect the value of hickory nuts. But the white and variety bring 10 per cent. more than the discarded ones. The vendors sell hickory nuts for 10 cents a quart, cracked. The meats alone are sometimes sold, and they cost more. Each vendor has a Japanese nut-cracker on his stand and does his own cracking. The nut is longer one way than any other, and it is cracked lengthwise, as it breaks more easily in this way than the other.

Using the Full Name.

Changes Made in Visiting Cards for the Sake of Rhythm.

"It is regarded as the correct thing nowadays," said an engraver to an EVENING WORLD reporter recently, "for gentlemen to have their full names engraved on their visiting cards. This statement, however, is not to be accepted without some qualification. It is not to be advised when a person's middle name is a Christian name, for two names like John Charles, or William Henry coming together do not make an agreeable combination. When, however, the middle name is a family name, as in the case of John Charles, or William Henry, it is always preferable to use it. It not only fills out the signature and makes it more symmetrical, but it is very useful as a means of information to a person's friends. I am an engraver and I have engraved all my visiting cards in this style this season."

"I have sometimes very amusing experiences with customers," he continued. "A man will come and look over a card and say, 'This is fine, but it is not very rhythmic.' I will then suggest that he use his full name, and he will say, 'I want mine just like that,' when perhaps his name has only three or four letters in it. You cannot make much out of such short names, and the only thing I can do is to try them on a signature. If they can write a good one they can usually fill up the space in such a way that the name will be as good as the full name. The letters are engraved according to rule and measurement."

SUNG BY LABOR LEADERS.

William McCabe is fond of "The Old Sexton." John Mahony sings "When I Was a Little Boy." August Foster likes "John Brown," but can't sing it.

Patrick Duddy sings "The Bowdler Song," and plays the bag.

George Trane warbles occasionally. "Dot Goot Lager Beer" is his weakness.

August "Price" tackles "Would I Were a Boy Again," and a few operatic songs.

"Doc" McCarthy does on the "Rocky Road to Dublin" and "Paddy Miles' Boy."

Fred Leubuscher is a good baritone, and has a new campaign song, "When I Sit on the Bench."

Will McLaughlin and Frank Cahill sing duets. "Let Her Go, Gallagher" is their latest song.

Gaybert Barnes sings while he works, and vice versa. "We'll Vote for Henry George" is his weakness.

Hugh Whoriskey tickles his fellow "chips" with singing: "Is This Mr. Riley, that Kapes the Hotel?"

Charles Price can move organized labor to tears. "The Missus Had Her Eye Upon the Rabbit Pot."

John J. Bealin takes the bakery by storm when he warbles Irish songs. "Are You There, Moriarty" is his best effort.

"Tom" Jackson has a voice that comes nearer the contrabass than the baritone. "The Nightingale in the House" and "O How Fair" will melt the listener to tears when he sings them seriously.

"Not more than I shall miss you," he answered. "Men may not love with more constancy than women, but I think they do with more intensity. At least, a person of my nature, who can love but once in a lifetime. For me in all the world there can be but one Maud. Loving her, I could never love another woman."

"Don't forget that," she said, archly. "You men call us women false and fickle, but I don't if your record would be fairer in that respect if we knew the truth about you."

"Some men are false, I know," he answered.

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SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

TALK OF PRESENTING CHARGES AGAINST PRESIDENT STORM.

The Pastime Athletic Club to Get Up Football and Cross-Country Teams—Carter's Chances of Acquiring Said to be Good—The Nassau Athletic Club's Membership—Dempey's Fighting Weight 140 Pounds.

RUMOR is afloat that Walton Storm, the President of the National Association of Athletics, will be proceeded against by a delegate to that association for countenancing a mixed meeting. A mixed meeting is defined as one at which amateurs and professionals contest, though not necessarily against each other. The first of the Manhattan Athletic Club's series of winter entertainments is the meeting specified. E. C. Carter, the champion cross-country runner, and Davy Roach went over the course marked out for the New York Athletic Club's five-mile cross-country championship run on election day this morning. The Suburban Harriers, Carter's club, will have a training race over this splendid course, in the valley at the foot of Fort George, on Saturday afternoon. The start will be at 4 o'clock, and a fine chance is afforded any who want to learn the ground.

The Pastime Athletic Club is to get up football and cross-country teams. It wouldn't be healthy for Charley Carter to practice slugging on the grounds by the East River. A prominent amateur said yesterday: "It's a dead certainty E. C. Carter will be vindicated by a vote of 7 to 1. If the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain wants to try the great five-miler it will write to the American National Association for a report of the evidence, and not take it hearsay from any individual."

The Prospect Harriers, of Brooklyn, who have just moved into their new headquarters on the Prospect Park plaza, are to have a grand cross-country run on Election Day.

New members are coming to the Nassau Athletic Club every day. Eighteen men were elected at the meeting last week. The new club-house of this association is to be formally opened shortly. The Nassaus will hold some grand burlesque games on Thanksgiving Day, open to all amateurs, at which no entrance will be charged. Entries close Nov. 22 at Washington Park. The ownership of the Schoenbeck Medal, which its donor, Pop, promises to give to the winner, will probably go over to next season.

The Governing Committee of the New York Athletic Club meet to-night.

People who think they know all about fighting suppose Jack Dempsey to be a big middleweight. He was down to 140 pounds stripped, last week, and says he can fight there and be strong, but would just as soon take no chances and call it 145 pounds. Dempsey says McAuliffe can fight at 128 pounds—the same weight Carney fights at when in England.

Joe Ellingsworth has been as big as 190 pounds and still in the ring. He was down to 140 pounds at the Hoboken Casino Saturday night and saw the Marine knock out Bill Dunne. Ellingsworth looks big and strong enough to eat Dempsey, whom he is to face in a four-round bout at Hoboken on Friday night.

Billy Edwards says the battle between Carney and McAuliffe will tell which is the better in-fighting or out-fighting. Carney is a great in-fighter and Jack will have to beat him off to win.

Dr. J. Carroll Daly, the champion weight-thrasher of the United Kingdom of Fenagh, Ireland, is coming to this country in February. The Doctor is a larger man than W. J. M. Barry, with whom he was a classmate at Christ College.

Frank Heard proposes to re-enter the prize-ring this winter. He will seek a match with Dominick McCaffrey.

Bright red bonnets dotted the parquet like poppies.

A costume that attracted much attention was a steel-colored silk and pale blue bonnet in which the color of the French flag was prominently displayed.

A quiet but very stylish toilet was in a dark cloth, covered with small silver beads, surmounted by raven hair and a white lace bonnet.

A handsome opera cloak of dark green velvet, trimmed with swan's down, was effective among the ranks in the front orchestra seats in the left row of boxes.

One of the most unpretentious dresses worn by a lady who sat at the extreme end of the house. It was of yellow Indian silk, heavily draped, but without any trimmings.

In the fifth row from the orchestra was a lady in black velvet, short sleeves, and tan-colored mousquetaire gloves that nearly

answered, "but I can never be. That you may believe, come what may. Always trust me, Maud. I know that you will always be true to me, and I shall be true to you. I shall be faithful to the only woman I have ever loved."

And so they sat together on the cliffs and talked while the sun sank lower and lower under the darkening sky.

And at the sunset they kissed goodbye and parted—he to go beyond the sea and she to wait for his coming back and count the long, slow days that must elapse before he came again.

So she told him and so he believed. And he was not the first man who believed a woman's words and he will not be the last.

A black, angry sky. Great masses of clouds skurrying across the scene, with vivid flashes of lightning darting through them, and lightening the dark sky into a lurid, and making a weird effect, which a painter would have given the world to put upon canvas.

The wind blew in great gusts from the sea and moved among the rocks in mad movement. The waters were lashed against the shore in white clouds of spray and dashed themselves up the cliffs in the vain effort to reach the top, where men were watching the storm with anxious glances.

"A terrible gale," one old fisherman said to another, as he shivered in the cold, searchlight under which he was in the landward, laden with mist and spray.

"Aye, aye," answered his companion. "It will be rough for any vessel trying to make land to-night."

Boom, boom!

Men shuddered and looked at each other with pitying faces as that sound came over the sullen roar of wind and waters to their ears.

"The signal gun," an old sailor said, straining his eyes through the mist and vapor in

the direction from which the sound had come.

"I see the ship," cried another, pointing out to sea. "Her rigging is all out there, and only the bare hull is left, but I doubt if that stands this tearing gale till morning."

"We can do nothing for the crew," the other sailor said. "A boat couldn't live a minute in such a sea as this. It would be swamped a rod from shore. We can do nothing but wait. Perhaps we may be able to render some assistance if the ship should go to pieces."

Again that signal of distress, sounding like the muffled beat of a distant drum on a stormy battlefield, came echoing on landward.

"Poor souls, I pity them," a woman said, as, clinging on her husband's arm, she climbed the cliff. "Can no help be afforded them?"

"None at all," her husband answered. "It would be certain death to venture out in such a gale."

Maud Vivian stood there while the wind howled and shrieked in the stunted pines upon the cliffs, and thought of what had happened to her on that autumn afternoon three years before. There, on that very cliff, she had said good-bye to Basil Wayne, and promised to be true and faithful to him, and now she stood there as John Vivian's wife.

"Ah, well! So went the world! She had meant to be true and faithful. She had loved him, but she believed now that she had made the discovery that love isn't all there is to life for a woman. Faith and position go a great way in making existence what we imagine it ought to be."

She had answered Basil Wayne's letters regularly at first. She liked to get his letters, and she liked to hear his voice, and she liked to see his face, and she liked to feel his hand, and she liked to be near him, and she liked to be with him, and she liked to be in his arms, and she liked to be in his bed, and she liked to be in his life, and she liked to be in his death, and she liked to be in his glory, and she liked to be in his shame, and she liked to be in his triumph, and she liked to be in his defeat, and she liked to be in his success, and she liked to be in his failure, and she liked to be in his happiness, and she liked to be in his sorrow, and she liked to be in his joy, and she liked to be in his pain, and she liked to be in his love, and she liked to be in his hate, and she liked to be in his life, and she liked to be in his death, and she liked to be in his glory, and she liked to be in his shame, and she liked to be in his triumph, and she liked to be in his defeat, and she liked to be in his success, and she liked to be in 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